THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXIII.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

WHEN a man is wearied and perplexed by the ordinary cares of business; when he sorrow for the loss of an early and a beloved associate; or desponds beneath the pressure of ills, which threaten him with misery beyond relief, he loves to recur to those, whom he fancies to be friends, and Hope, ever wildest in her promises to those whom she is about to desert, throws before his imagination the ardent embrace of affection, and the sweet smile of delight. But Hope is a subtle deceiver, and cautiously conceals from him the truth, that friendship is chilled by the blasts of adversity, and feels the languor of insensibility and indifference, when the prospect of compensation is precarious and distant.

Yet, from the uniform solicitude of all to be warmed by its beams, it is evidently deemed one of the greatest blessings of heaven, and a few solitary instances of a *genuine friendship*; a friendship in which the interests of another are preferred to our own; recorded by the historian; or of a *fancied one*, sung by the poet; of a David and Jonathan—a Nisus and Euryalus, have prompted man to believe in its existence, and to seek it in every path of life. The united voices of wisdom and experience can neither destroy the delusion, nor arm him with a shield to blunt the weapons of treachery, and when the hand of his former associate is raised to strike his heart, he has nothing to oppose but the recollections of unreserved confidence, and he is compelled to make his appeal to mercy, when prudence and precaution should have armed him with a safer weapon.

The existence of a friendship which responds to every pleasure, and to every pain; of two hearts so affectionately united, that the pang which pierces the one must rend the other, is a dream, for the indulgence of which youth and inexperience alone should be pardoned. It cannot be chased from *their* minds, for to all the admonitions of reason, and the lessons of experience, enthusiasm and vanity, and ardour are opposed. In *their* minds, the belief of its existence is originated by forming themselves as the standards, and by incorrectly imagining that the feelings which warm their own bosoms, exist in others in an equal degree. This is natural, but it marks, at the same time, their ignorance of their own hearts. They do not know, for as yet they have had no opportunity of knowing, that, as they are thrown into various and untried situations, new ideas, new affections, and new motives of action, arise in the mind, and that on the trial they shall be found wanting in those qualities, which they had unreflectingly fancied themselves to possess. Yet the belief, that the affection, which they feel for each other, can ever be weakened, would inflict on their hearts a keener pang, than the certainty of its loss would produce, when the romance of youth has subsided; so reluctantly do we cherish an idea unfavourable to the purity of our own hearts, and so fertile is our ingenuity in finding an apology for our own faults.

Friendship is a mutual confidence, founded on a mutual esteem, and, to the existence and perpetuation of such a friendship, it is essential that there should be a rare and an almost impracticable combination of qualities and circumstances. There should be a mutual confidence—equality of rank, of fortune, and of age—sincerity, yet without contraction—a similarity of manners, of temper, and of taste—nor must there be a collision of interest or of pleasure—too frequent intercourse may destroy the respect which each should feel for the other, and long absence may sap the foundation of the fondest union.

If there be an union of these qualities, and of these circumstances, there may be a sincere friendship, but in the imperfect state of man, subject, without exception, to desires and to frailties, to feelings, and to passions, where shall we find it?

Is it necessary that I place an unreserved confidence in my friend? If it be, I do not hesitate to say that it will destroy the firmest friendship, for in his bosom I must repose as well my vices as my virtues—and can I possess a sincere friendship for him whom I know to be vicious? If this unreserved confidence be not necessary, the withholding it inevitably weakens friendship. If my friend suspects me to withhold from him one secret, his language will be ‘why am I not intrusted?—It must be that he does not deem me worthy his confidence.’ Such suspicions are incompatible with friendship.

What are the duties of friendship? Must I prefer the interests of my friend to my own? If this be essential to the existence of friendship, I hazard nothing in the assertion that man loves his essential interest better than his friend. Must I prefer his interests to those of my relatives—a parent, or a brother? If friendship demand this sacrifice, I am warranted, by every moral principle, in the assertion, that such a friendship is unjust; for the idea of a connexion, whose principles and laws are at variance with human nature, cannot be defended, and as the interests of those who move in the same sphere, are most likely to clash, the probability is that I shall more frequently be at variance with the relatives of my friend than with others.

It is most natural and reasonable that a perfect friendship should exist in the matrimonial state, for even in point of interest there is here a more intimate connexion, than there can be between friends. Do we ever see this exalted friendship existing between man and wife? In the most happy connexion is there no unkind act, no unkind word—no unkind look? And are these, however trifling they may seem, compatible with the purity of the flame, which should be lighted on the altar of friendship? Why is it that it does not exist here? I do not know but it arises from the same cause which is insisted on by the children of romance as the foundation of friendship, from their being constantly together, and discovering faults, which, however trivial, must murder friendship.

A mutual confidence founded on a mutual esteem; a friendship which must hourly increase, which prefers the interest of another to its own; is not then to be found. An acquaintance commences—pleasing qualities are mutually discovered, and intimacy ensues. The ardour and credulous benevolence of youth magnify these pleasing traits into virtues, and repel, with zeal, the intrusion of unfavourable suspicion. A similarity of taste, of temper, and of pursuits, feeds the flame, and the soul, reposing in its warmth, indulges in delightful, but delusive, dreams. Occasionally their pleasures and their interests come into collision, and a struggle arises between inclination and pride. Friendship is successful, but suffers in the contest. Her exertions must now be redoubled to preserve the flame, and to destroy the unpleasant remembrance of pleasures yielded at the shrine of pride. She is not ever on her guard, and a slighter cause will soon originate a second, or revive the former quarrel. In this also she will be successful, but her influence gradually diminishes, until frequent collisions and frequent contests leave but her name behind; her tone becomes more feeble, and less bland, and, at no distant period, the voice of fondness dies upon the ear.

Yet, while we deny the existence of this romantic idol, and would guard against the indulgence of dreams, which can produce nothing but regret, we still believe in, and would cherish the existence of an affection, prompt to acts of mutual kindness, and eager to smooth the pillow of grief. The natural feelings of man, excited by his interest, are sufficient to create and to perpetuate such an union, nor is it destroyed by the knowledge of slight failings, or of occasional unkindness. Without this union, indeed, society could not exist, for mutual feebleness calls for mutual aid, and neither design nor accident—neither wealth nor talents can render a man independent of man, or insensible to the sweet and fascinating influence of social affections.

MONITOR.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TRIPOD OF HELEN....A TALE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF MARMONTEL.

[Continued.]

Ha! gentlemen, said he, as he saw them enter his house, you are coming doubtless with good news: pray have you found my dog? Can you tell me who stole him? The delegates answered they had no knowledge of that. What then, said he, in a tone of deep distress, what can bring you to my house? They told him they came, by order of the oracle at Delphi, to bring him a golden tripod. A golden tripod to me! what would he have me to do with it? I

wish the oracle, that knows every thing, would tell me who took my dog. I had not another friend left in the world, and they have robbed me of him—What barbarous inhumanity! I had given them up every thing, abandoned every thing; honours, fortunes, offices; I asked for nothing; I cultivated my garden and small farm myself—my dog was with me—we loved each other; we were happy in living and being sociable together. The envious could not bear to see us enjoy this happiness. They have separated us, they have stolen my dog, my only friend; perhaps they have assassinated him!—No! there is no punishment severe enough for such excessive cruelty.

The loss of a faithful dog, said one of the Milesians, is certainly a misfortune; but is it so great a misfortune? Yes, indeed, it is to me, who have nothing else left. There is not a calamity but has befallen me, and I never troubled heaven or man with complaints. Neglected by my own city, which I saved from ruin, and finding my counsels disdained, I withdrew from public affairs, and kept snug in my own corner. I have been harassed by a vexatious law-suit; my right was clear, and I lost the cause; yet I did not lisp a murmur. My wife proved faithless; I kept it to myself. My children deserted me; I forgave my children. I have tried patience long enough; and when they come and take my poor dog away from me, it is perfectly natural, I think, that my fortitude should be exhausted—It is entirely gone—I have none left.

What! said one of the deputies, is it possible that the wisest of men should split upon such a rock as this! The wisest! and pray why must I be the wisest? Did I ever pretend to be so? No! no! I am not so mad as that. Yet, whenever we inquire for the wisest of wise men, all the world answers, 'tis Bias. 'Tis Bias! 'tis Bias! indeed, they talk of it very much at their ease. And if Bias is angry when he has been robbed of his dog, they will all stare with amazement! No! Bias is nothing but a good sort of man, who is wrong'd, and who feels the wrong done him. If you want a man of more firmness; with a soul so tempered, that no misfortune has yet subdued it, go and seek for the Spartan Chilon.

Come, then, said the deputies, let us even go to Lacedæmon: arrived there, they inquired for the residence of the man so renowned for his wisdom and fortitude. He was gone to attend the Olympic games at Pisa. Thither they hastened, and reached the place on the very day, when the prizes of wrestling and of boxing were to be contested.

They inquired round the amphitheatre where Chilon was seated? He was pointed out to them, wholly absorbed in the match between two wrestlers, one of whom was his son, Epitalides, and the other the famous Glycon, who had just been proclaimed victor at the race.

The Spartan's eyes, ardent and immoveable, were observing every motion of the two wrestlers. The toil of the contest was expressed by the struggling muscles of his body. The alternate chances were all marked by the contractions of his eye-brows. His forehead was all in streams; his hands, leaning upon his knees, stiffened whenever his son closed with his antagonist: and he shrunk convulsively when his son appeared to stagger, or to flag. They had been a whole hour at the match, with violence continually increasing, when Glycon at last fell, and the whole atmosphere resounded with the acclamation 'Epitalides, the son of Chilon, victor in the contest of wrestling.'

The father at this, more exhausted with fatigue, and more crippled than his son, sunk pale and lifeless into the arms of those around him. They thought him dead with joy: and the report was so circulated in several of the Grecian cities; but the simple truth was that he fainted; and that he was carried to his tent, with the paleness of death on his countenance.

After he had recovered, and embraced his son, the deputies appeared, and thinking they had a still more flattering triumph to offer him, presented the golden tripod, destined by Apollo to the wisest of the wise.

Do you mean to banter me, answered the Spartan, or are you ignorant yourselves that the wise man is he who possesses a constant equanimity, and suffers none of his passions to have dominion over him? Some of the most formidable among them I had subdued, such as ambition, envy, cupidity, anger; and you have just seen me sink under that, which, of all others, I least dreaded. Fortune has discovered my weak side; she has held me up, to the scorn of all Greece, as a child of whom she made a plaything; for the most trifling of her favours, I have been just seen at the point of death with joy.

Nothing, said the delegates, can be more natural and excusable than this sensibility in a father. By no means! replied Chilon, I cannot thus flatter myself—It was mere weakness. What, because my son has more elasticity in the muscles than another, must I have so little in the soul as to faint away, when he obtains the prize of wrestling? What would it have been if, after a battle, I had beheld him with limbs in blood, and covered with dust, return with victory to my arms? The man who suffers himself to be overcome by good fortune, would be still more unable to support bad; and what will the Lacedemonian women say of me—they who, when the dead bodies of their sons, stretched upon a buckler, and covered with wounds, are brought home, cooly offer up their thanks to the Gods? Believe me, gentlemen, you must go and present the prize of wisdom to my neighbour Phizon, who is not, like me, a nerveless vain old man.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own have I not kept."

This is the frank confession of Solomon, in one of the stanzas of his 'Song of Songs.'

During some moments when he enjoyed a *respite* from pleasure, in his voluptuous haram, the wise king might inquire by what strange fatality he had been raised to a throne, and pronounced wise, when some of his appetites were so grovelling, and some of his actions so foolish. My readers will not, I think, require me to quote Josephus, or the Jewish Rabbies, to prove that Solomon sometimes departed from the dignity of a prince, and did not always display the judgment of a philosopher.

As we know, from his excellent treatise, entitled 'the Preacher,' and from the three thousand proverbs, which he spake, that he was occasionally at least, in the habit of thinking soberly, I feel assured, that, although he did not choose to encumber a song with much sentiment, the following was the soliloquy, which occasioned the text of this sermon.

By the partiality of my subjects, and their implicit belief of the excellency of my wisdom, I have been made *keeper of the vineyard*, or, in other words, monarch of Israel. My fame has reached distant nations. I have the reputation of possessing more knowledge than all my contemporary philosophers; than 'Ethan,' and 'Heman,' and 'Chalcol,' and 'Darda.' The botanists assure me that I speak learnedly of 'trees,' and that I describe the various genera and species of the vegetable kingdom, from the aspiring cedar to the lowly hyssop. Hiram extolls my skill in mechanics, and affirms that not an architect throughout the realms of Tyre can rival the ingenuity of my designs. My subjects praise the blessings of my administration. Foreigners and travellers vie with each other in making their court to me: every man brings his present of what is most valuable, vessels of silver, and vessels of gold; even the caprice of a female has, for once, been restrained, and the queen of Sheba's admiration of my wisdom, was the same when she left, as when she entered my palace. But do I completely deserve these various and enthusiastic encomiums? Have I well governed *myself*, as well as my kingdom? Have I noted and corrected my own faults with the same circumspection that I remarked and punished those of other men. Am I not obliged, conscious of the license of my own palace, to suffer the men of Judah and Israel to waste all their time eating and drinking, and making merry, and is not this revelry the pernicious result of my careless example, rather than a chastized joy, under my prudent government? Have I consistently arbitrated with rigor the differences between *two* harlots, while *seven hundred* are quarrelling, in my seraglio, for the lawless favours of their sovereign? No, even myself, endowed with superior powers, have often proved weak and wicked. Placed upon wisdom's summit, I have descended; forgetting my dignity, thoughtless of my duties, prostituting my throne, I have been ravished with strange women, and have drunken of the wine which the sons of riot mingled. I have been promoted to the highly responsible office of keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard I have not guarded vigilantly.

If Solomon could walk with so good a grace through the valley of humiliation, which we are assured, on the faith of Bunyan, is one of the most rugged rambles that a Christian can take, surely in these modern and degenerate days, almost every man, who is a *keeper*, either of vineyards, or any thing else, may inquire whether he has, at all times, been a faithful keeper to himself. For if, as we read, that man who has been faithful in a few things, shall be a ruler over many things, to what office shall that man be appointed, who neglects his *own* duty? Few can be found, who would not, in the hour of self abasement, discover that such was their weakness or their wanderings, they had not strength enough to till the vineyard, or stability enough to remain there.

One of the poets, who did not, like the rest of the tribe, always delight in fiction, after recounting the sage precepts of a certain philosopher, adds,

That, strange to tell, he practis'd what he preach'd.

Notwithstanding my absolute conviction, that a pastor ought to be an ensample to the flock, I have no doubt, but that I, sometimes, vary from my own doctrines, and negligently keep my own vineyard. I warmly hope that my readers will *gather grapes from my thorns*, and, when they peruse my exhortations against drowsiness, that they will not inquire how long I court the morning pillow.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Robert Fellowes, a late writer, who displays an independent spirit, a pious temper, and an eloquent style, thus describes his honest studies, and liberal views. I find the passage in the preface to his 'Views of Christian Philosophy,'

an ingenious and nervous performance, which, though deformed by a slight attack of the character and consistency of Edmund Burke, I recommend to the classical as well as to the serious reader.

"He has not been scrupulously delicate about adjusting his opinions to the standard of fashion; careless of personal favour or emolument, he has sedulously sought for truth in the sanctuary of the scriptures. Instead of turning the harmony of his notions to the breath of every fleeting interest; he has endeavoured, with unfeigned sincerity, to direct the steps of his fellow creatures, by the torch of Christian love, to life eternal. If, by the grace of divine providence, without which the author has an undoubting conviction that all his exertions must be fruitless, he is made the instrument of spreading the unsullied light of the true Gospel, or of exciting the flame of genuine benevolence in every one individual, he will feel a happiness, which wealth could not give, and which poverty cannot take away."

—

I should deem myself ungrateful to the muse of Cowper, who has often charmed me, if I did not record, as the subject of an Evening's lucubration, his original stanzas on the interesting topic of Friendship, which I am not sure it would be extravagant to aver, he has treated as ably as Cicero.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

"Amicitia nisi inter bonos esse non potest." CICERO.

What virtue can we name, or grace,
But men, unqualified and base,
  Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
  And dulness of discretion.

But as the gem of richest cost
Is ever counterfeited most;
  So always imitation
Employs the utmost skill she can
To counterfeit the faithful man,
  The friend of long duration.

Some will pronounce me too severe,
But long experience speaks me clear,
  Therefore, that censure scorning,
I will proceed to mark the shelves,
On which so many dash themselves,
  And give the simple warning.

Youth, unadmonish'd by a guide,
Will trust to any fair outside:—
  An error soon corrected!
For who, but learns, with riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
  Is most to be suspected?

But here again the danger lies;
Lest, thus deluded by our eyes,
  And taking trash for treasure,
We should, when undeceiv'd, conclude
Friendship imaginary good,
  A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair:
  Nor should it seem distressful,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
  We sought it unsuccessful.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
  And mean self-love erected;
Nor such, as may awhile subsist
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,
  For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart
Himself, well furnish'd for the part,
  And ready on occasion,
To shew the virtue that he seeks;
For, 'tis an union, that bespeaks
  A just reciprocation.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
  By ceaseless sharp corrosion:
A temper passionate and fierce,
May suddenly your joys disperse,
  At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite,
With hope of permanent delight:
  The secret just committed,
They drop, through mere desire to prate,
Forgetting its important weight,
  And by themselves outwitted.

How bright so'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
  If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe, indeed,
  But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd,
  On good that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
  And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
  Are sadly prone to quarrel;
To deem the wit a friend displays
So much of loss to their own praise,
  And pluck each other's laurel.

A man, renown'd for repartee,
Will seldom scruple to make free
  With friendship's finest feeling;
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And tell you 'twas a special jest,
  By way of balm for healing.

Beware of tattlers! keep your ear
Close-stopt against the tales they bear,
  Fruits of their own invention:
The separation of chief friends,
Is what their kindness most intends;
  Their sport is your dissension.

Friendship, that wantonly admits
A joco-serious play of wits
  In brilliant altercation,
Is union such, as indicates,
Like hand-in-hand insurance plates,
  Danger of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as the needle to the pole;
  Yet shifting, like the weather,
The needle's constancy forego,
For any novelty and show,
  Its variations rather.

Insensibility makes some
Unseasonably deaf and dumb,
  When most you need their pity.
'Tis waiting till the tears shall fall
From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,
  Those playthings of the city.*

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete;
  Th' attempt would scarce be madder,
Should any, from the bottom, hope,
At one huge stride, to reach the top
  Of an erected ladder.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeneous politics
  Without an effervescence,
Such as of salts with lemon juice,
But which is rarely known t' induce,
  Like that a coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life.
  But even those who differ
Only on topics left at large,
How fiercely will they meet and charge!
  No combatants are stiffer.

To prove, alas! my main intent.
Needs no great cost of argument,
  No cutting and contriving.
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the chemist's golden dream,
  With still less hope of thriving.

Then judge before you choose your man,
As circumspectly as you can,
  And, having made election,
See that no disrespect of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
  Enfeeble his affection.

It is not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
  To finish a great building:
The palace were but half complete,
Could he by any chance forget
  The carving and the gilding.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
  First rivets our attention;
So, manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
  Must save it from declension.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,
  His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend, indeed,
  To pardon, or to bear it.

Some friends make this their prudent plan—
Say little, and hear all you can,
  Safe policy, but hateful!
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
  Unpleasant and ungrateful.

They whisper trivial things and small;
But to communicate at all
  Things serious deem improper,
Their feculence and froth they show,
But keep their best contents below,
  Just like a simm'ring copper.

These samples (for, alas! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
  Of evils, yet unmention'd)
May prove the task, a task, indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
  However well intention'd.

Pursue the theme, and you shall find
A disciplin'd and furnish'd mind
  To be at least expedient;
And, after summing all the breast,
Religion, ruling in the rest,
  A principal ingredient.

True friendship has, in short, a grace
More than terrestrial in its face,
  That proves it heaven descended.
Man's love of woman not so pure,
Nor when sincerest to secure,
  To last till life is ended.

"I regard these 'lines on friendship,' (as Cowper modestly calls them, in his letter to Mr. Bull) as one of the most admirable among the author's minor poems." HAYLEY.

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Such is the envy, narrowness, and illiberality of mankind, that they will not allow, or cannot perceive that the most jarring qualities may be found in alliance in the same character. A profound logician, mathematician, or metaphysician, is generally deemed, of course, utterly ignorant of every thing else; and, on the other hand, I never knew a man of sparkling wit, fluent speech, and rich imagination, but was declared, by all his kind neighbours, to be a stranger to sound judgment, and even ordinary discretion. Locke, who had very little imagination himself, has somewhere sanctioned this notion of judgment being at war with wit, and the unsociableness of invention and memory. Pope has absurdly perpetuated the delusion, and it is become now a sort of axiom. Sir Wm. Jones

* This was written before their removal.

has taught a better theory, and his own example is a brilliant proof that a profound lawyer may be an universal linguist, a sublime poet, and an eloquent orator.

"The great Abul Ola had so flourishing a reputation, that several persons of uncommon genius were ambitious of learning the art of poetry from so able an instructor: his most illustrious scholars were Teleki and Khakani, who were no less eminent for their Persian compositions, than for their skill in every branch of pure and mixed mathematics, and particularly in astronomy; a striking proof that a sublime poet may become a master of any kind of learning, which he chooses to profess; since a fine imagination, a lively wit, an easy and copious style, cannot *possibly obstruct* the acquisition of any science whatever, but must *necessarily assist* him in his studies, and *shorten* his labour."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

[Concluded.]

On the poetical character of Scott, it is unnecessary to enlarge, as it has been illustrated by Mr. Hoole, with a minuteness of examination, and a justness of discrimination, that leaves little to be supplied.

"The greater part of Mr. Scott's poems, are turned on rural imagery; in which it will be found, that his principal merit is novelty in description, and a laudable endeavour to introduce an occasional simplicity of style, perhaps too much rejected by the present fastidious readers of poetry. He was certainly no servile copyist of the thoughts of others; for, living in the country, and being a close and accurate observer, he painted what he saw, though he must, unavoidably, sometimes fall on ideas and expressions common to all pastoral writers.

"He cultivated the knowledge of natural history and botany, which enabled him to preserve the truth of nature with many discriminating touches, perhaps not excelled by any descriptive poet since the days of Thomson.

"Perhaps it must be granted, that his first avowed poetical production, intituled, Elegies, Moral and Descriptive, has not been excelled by any of his subsequent works, whether we consider the liveliness of the painting, the harmony of the verse, or the amiable strain of benevolence and piety that runs through the whole.

"His Amwell, a descriptive poem, is written in blank verse, the genius of which he professed to have particularly studied; and I think he exhibits a specimen of great strength and harmony in that metre. The face of the country here is very picturesque; but perhaps it will be found, that local description is far more adapted to the powers of the pencil than the pen. Those marking and peculiar features which the painter gives, with a few strokes, to the eye, will lose almost all their discrimination in the words of the poet; a hill, a vale, a forest, a rivulet, and a cataract, can be described only by general terms; the hill must swell, the vale sink, the rivulet murmur, and the cataract foam. On the great defect of words to discriminate material objects, Dr. Johnson once observed to me, that no description, however accurately given, could impress any determinate idea of the different shapes of animals on the mind of one who had never seen those animals. Hence, it must be concluded, that the appearance of nature at large may be the province of poetry, but that the form of particular objects must belong to the painter. Scott has availed himself of every circumstance that could with propriety be introduced to decorate his poem; but nothing shows his taste and judgment more than the tribute paid by him to the memory of Thomas Hassal, the venerable minister of Amwell, which furnishes a passage at once so pathetic and poetical. Though Scott's poem will not raise in the mind of a stranger any strong idea of the place meant to be described, yet it will always be perused with delight by poetical lovers of rural imagery.

"His moral Eclogues undoubtedly deserve praise, for easy versification and good painting, and for several natural observations of the poet. Several new images may be collected from these poems. In some places, the poet has not unskilfully introduced the names of wild plants and flowers, which, when they are marked with picturesque epithets, have a good effect. I am sensible that some persons have affected to hold mere descriptive poetry in little estimation, but, surely, not to mention that description, must necessarily make great part of every narrative poem, and has ever been considered as a material talent in the poet; a poem consisting of rural painting, may, at least to the ear, have the same merit that landscape-painting has to the eye. But few poems of this kind were ever known to come from the pen of a good writer, without a mixture of moral reflections; and in this, the poetry of Scott, is entitled to no little approbation. But whatever praise is due to the harmony of his numbers, I cannot pass over a peculiarity in his predilection for sometimes laying an uncommon accent on words or syllables, which he thought gave strength to the line. This liberty should, in my opinion, be very sparingly used. Roughness of verse may indeed be emphatical where the image requires it, of which a forcible example is given in the following line:

> The slow wain grating bore its cumbrous load.

"The Amœbæan Eclogues seems to me the least happy of Mr. Scott's productions; for in his attempt at novelty, he has admitted such names and circumstances, as, in my opinion, no versification, however harmonious, can make poetical; these lines may, in some measure, show the force of my objections.

> Old oaken stubs, tough saplings there adorn,
> There hedge-row plashes yield the knotty thorn,
> The swain for different uses these avail,
> And form the traveller's staff, the thresher's flail.

"In his Oriental Eclogues, he has, with judgment, made use of such circumstances as might give them an air of local truth. The Eclogue of Serim, or the Artificial Famine, has much poetical merit. The Chinese Eclogue, called Li-po, or the Good Governor, has picturesque touches of the country, and contains many amiable reflections, political and moral. The vision of Confucius is very poetical.

"The Odes, as he informs us, were written at very different periods, and some appear to be his earliest effusions in poetry. The style of these odes is various, gay and familiar, pathetic and sublime. In the odes on Recruiting and Privateering, the thoughts are new, and singularly characteristic of Mr. Scott's religious tenets, and which ought to reflect no small honour on these tenets, strictly conformable to the dictates of every feeling mind, uncorrupted with the maxims of human policy. The Mexican Ode may admit of much praise. It opens with a spirited abruptness; it ends with equal dignity, after the prophecy of the Mexican idol. The vanishing of the demon is attended with circumstances not very dissimilar from the disappearance of the "Spirit of the Cape," in Camoens.

"The two Epistles that follow the odes, are written in a very familiar and easy strain of versification. The second Epistle describes the occupations and amusements of a contemplative mind in the country, and may be considered as a picture of the author's own manner of living.

"The essay on Painting is an elegant piece of versification, and shows, in the fullest light, Mr. Scott's turn for the polite arts. He was always a great admirer of painting, and for many years never missed an annual exhibition. The poem is said to be addressed to a young painter, but has no reference to any particular person. It will perhaps be found, that not any very new remarks are introduced on a subject relative to which so much has been written; but the rules and observations are at least delivered with taste and propriety."

Of his success as a critic, in his posthumous volume, Mr. Hoole thinks no less favourably than of his poetical pretensions.

"This volume displays an open, manly spirit of criticism, and may be perused by all lovers of poetry with advantage. He seems, with reason, to have disputed the claim of Denham to the reputation which he has so long enjoyed, and several of the passages adduced by him from Cooper's Hill, very well support his assertions. He has skilfully defended Milton's Lycidas against some of Dr. Johnson's objections, and has well apologised for the profusion of imagery admitted into a poem expressive of grief. He has judiciously pointed out several inaccuracies in the Windsor Forest of Pope, one of the correctest of our poets. His remarks on Gronger Hill, and the Ruins of Rome of Dyer, and the Oriental Eclogues of Collins, are replete with taste, the defects and beauties of each poem being singled out with great discernment. The Elegy of Gray seems to have given him little room for objection, but I think he has indulged himself too much in his proposed transposition of several passages in that poem. Amidst all the beauties of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, he has very clearly discovered redundancy and incorrectness. His strictures on Thomson are generally just, and several examples are given of false figures, and confused metaphors, wherein the poet's fancy has carried away his judgment."

Such are the criticisms of Mr. Hoole, which, with a few exceptions, will generally allowed to be the result of a competent judgment, a candid disposition, and an elegant taste. He has estimated the moral and intellectual character of Scott with impartiality, and discriminated the beauties and defects of his compositions with accuracy.

In such an age as this, "when dissipation reigns, and prudence sleeps," too much cannot be said in favour of a man who was not less distinguished by the blameless simplicity of his manners, than the warmth of his friendship, and the activity of his benevolence. But his amiable worth and poetical genius, may be better known from his works, that truly reflect the author's mind, than any formal comments. Though a disciple of Barclay, he is also a legitimate son of Apollo. The present writer is happy to agree with Mr. Hoole, in assigning him a respectable rank among the poets of our nation. His compositions are characterized by elegance, simplicity, and harmony, more than invention or sublimity; neither of which are wanting. They breathe a spirit of tenderness and philanthropy, and display an amiable and virtuous mind. In natural enthusiasm and fire, they are by no means deficient. The subjects on which choice or accident has induced him to write, afford no great room for invention to be exercised. His third and fourth eclogues, and the second and third Oriental ones, and some other poems, have, however, a disposition of conduct not very frequently met with. All his

pieces show a propriety of plan, and regularity of connection; their component parts are homogenous and concordant, and close in an easy and agreeable manner. They are distinguished by correctness and neatness of expression; a style free from eliptical abruptness, violent transpositions, or a slovenly recurrence of the same words in one sentence. His lines are seldom cold and prosaic, though sometimes a verse may be found purposely varied from the common structure by trochaic accents, or otherwise. In some instances the limæ labor et mora are too visible, and seem to have destroyed the characteristic relief, the glowing thought, and the ardent language. But his poems have a merit of no common kind; they have no poetical common-places; the sentiments and diction are unborrowed; and his style of composition, as well as his modes of thinking, are entirely his own.

His Elegies, Descriptive and Moral, are characterized by a natural enthusiasm, harmony, and simplicity. The descriptions are truly poetical, and the morality so happily interwoven with them, as to seem almost necessarily connected with the subject; while the melodious gravity of the verse, and the agreeable melancholy spirit of the sentiments and expression, compose a very decent and suitable garb for the elegiac Muse.

His Elegy written at Amwell, 1768, at a time when he was suffering the greatest of human calamities, the death of the object whom he mourns, is fraught with fine poetical feeling, that entitles it to rank with the "Monodies" of Shaw and Lyttleton, and the "Verses," &c. of Langhorne; the most pathetic funeral elegies in the English language.

His Amwell is an easy and melodious descriptive poem; the objects of which are those rural scenes and images that strike upon a young mind impregnated with the seeds of poetry, of course, with an ardent love of nature—that strike with a degree of enthusiasm, which seems, like other generous passions, to have its empire in youth, but can never be divided from memory. He begins with invoking the descriptive Muse, who inspired Thomson, Dyer, and Shenstone; invites his Maria, the second fair partner of his joys, to accompany him in his walk; directs our eye to Hertford's gray towers—which introduces a short episode of the defeat of the Danes by Alfred, in 879; to Berleo and Ware-Park, once the residence of Sir Richard Fanshaw, the translator of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, who is elegantly commemorated; to the New River, brought to London by Sir Hugh Middleton; to Ware, once famous for its tournaments, in one of which an Earl of Pembroke was slain, 25th Hen. III; to Langley-bottom, an Elysian scene, on which he seriously moralizes. After lamenting, in the close of these melancholy ideas, the death of his friends Turner and De Hoane, he proceeds in his pastoral landscape, near and remote, till he rests at last on Amwell, his favourite scene; of which he gives a more particular and more graphical view. Scarcely any thing of the descriptive kind can be more poetical than the farewel address to the scene and subject of this elegant poem. It is rendered interesting by the introduction of historical incidents, apt allusions, and moral reflections. Introduced are Isaac Walto, the scene of whose "Angler's Dialogues" is the Vale of Lee, William Warner, the author of "Albion's England," who resided here; Thomas Hassal, vicar of Amwell, who, like the good Bishop of Marseilles, performed his parochial duty during the plague in 1603 and 1625; and Mr. Hoole, the British Tasso, his future biographer, who thither

.....Oft from busy scenes,
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.

In his Amœbæan Eclogues, the rural imagery, that is introduced and illustrated by notes, is new and Linnæan; though some of his plants and shrubs, like the barbarous town in Horace, no versification can make poetical—versu dicere non est. They evince, however, strong powers of appropriate and discriminating description, natural and pathetic sentiment, and correct and spirited versification.

His Oriental Eclogues have little to fear from a comparison with any of their predecessors. Like those of Collins, they have description, incident, sentiment, and moral; they have simplicity of thought, and melody of language. To describe the manners and habits of life of a people, and the scenery of a country that is known, and known too but imperfectly, by the description of others, is a task of considerable difficulty. Of the numerous attempts of this kind, whether in prose or verse, there are few, perhaps, will stand the test of examination. Should it possibly be objected to Scott, that he has not wholly escaped the impropriety of sometimes blending European with Asiatic ideas, he has, however, other beauties, that will more than atone for what, perhaps, in an Englishman might be unavoidable. They breathe a spirit of humanity and poetry, that does equal honour to his heart and his understanding. In the East Indian eclogue, intituled Serim, or the Artificial Famine, the misery and destruction of the Gentoo natives of Bengal, &c. by the monopoly of rice, are painted in strong colours, and exhibit a picture of our unfeeling countrymen, from which we turn with horror, to scenes not less horrid, though long past in the West.

The Mexican Prophecy is a spirited production. On the approach of Cortez to the neighbourhood of Mexico, the Emperor Montezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the sorcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tlcatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the ode, of which the conclusion approaches to sublimity. Respecting the general poetical merit of his Essay on Painting, Epistles, and Odes, the present writer is happy to coincide in judgment with Mr. Hoole. His Sonnets are correct and elegant, and will be read with pleasure; though they do not possess all the appropriate excellencies of this species of verse. His verses on the Æolian Harp, and on Fear, are spirited and poetical. But there is not, perhaps, in the whole compass of his poetry, any thing more expressive of his philanthropical affections and comprehensive benevolence, than the following little Ode. It is truly British, and truly humane.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

His critical Essays are no inconsiderable addition to his fame. They have much merit, in the mode of criticism which he has pursued. In the minuteness and rigour of his examination, he approaches to the inquisitorial strictness of Dr. Johnson. This exactness, however, is sometimes misapplied, and sometimes leads him into error. Just observations are sometimes mixed with faults. Some peculiar words and phrases do not produce a pleasing effect; but, on the whole, they may be read by an ardent young poet with advantage.

MISCELLANY.

In a letter to Mr. Park, dated in 1792, Cowper says "From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine, or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardner, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age, I commenced author—It is a whim, that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last."

It is truly pleasing to discover that the chaste and correct taste of Cowper was satisfied with the periodical style of Mr. Mackenzie, the ADDISON of Edinburgh.

"A few days since, I received a second very obliging letter from Mr. M——. He tells me that his own papers, which are by far, he is sorry to say it, the most numerous, are marked V. I. Z. Accordingly, my dear, I am happy to find that I am engaged in a correspondence with Mr. Viz, a gentleman for whom I have always entertained the profoundest veneration. But the serious fact is, that the papers, distinguished by those signatures, have ever pleased me most, and struck me as the work of a sensible man, who knows the world well, and who has more of Addison's delicate humour than any body."

—

A useful truth is thus insisted on by Cowper, and every student will be wise if he believe and follow the precept of the poet.

"They say of poets that they must be born such; so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so must lawyers, and so indeed must men of all denominations, or it is not possible that they should excel. But with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies our genius may direct us, studies they must still be. I am persuaded that Milton did not write his Paradise Lost, nor Homer his Iliad, nor Newton his Principia, without immense labour. Nature gave them a bias to their respective pursuits, and that strong propensity, I suppose, is what we mean by genius. The rest they gave themselves.

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The Editor's respect for the memory of *Goldsmith, and love of his style, equally incite him to preserve the following testimony.

We are truly glad, say the London critics, in one of the latest of their elegant journals of Literature, to see a new edition of 'The miscellaneous works of Oliver Goldsmith,' the *only complete one extant* of one of the MOST CHASTE, CLASSICAL, and CORRECT writers that England can boast of. The Editor has brought together a number of essays and prefaces, which we did not know to have been the production of Dr.

* With Archbishop Usher, Bishop Berkley, Dr. Parnell, and Dean Swift, this enchanting author must be ranked as one of the brightest ornaments of his country. Ireland should be proud of so tender, so correct, and so pleasing a writer, who has drawn one of her *Deserted Villages* with the pencil of nature, who has described domestic manners with the fondness of a patriot, and the precision of an eye witness, whose comedy is *good natured* wit, and whose page is elegant simplicity. *Note, by the Editor.*

Goldsmith, but of the authenticity of which, from the peculiar graces which adorn them, we cannot entertain any doubt. Some account of his life and writings is prefixed, which, according to the Editor, is composed from the information of persons, who were intimate with the poet at an early period, and who were honoured with a continuance of his friendship till the time, when the world was deprived of this fascinating writer. Their names, were the Editor at liberty to mention them, would immediately dispel all doubts as to the authenticity of the memoirs, and reflect distinguished honour on the publication.

I am happy to subjoin the authority of the brilliant D'Israeli, in favour of an admired author.

Goldsmith might have preferred the felicity of his own genius, which like a native stream, flowed from a natural source, to the elaborate powers of Johnson, which in some respect may be compared to those artificial waters, which throw their sparkling currents in the air to fall into marble basons. He might have considered that he had embellished philosophy with poetical elegance, and have preferred the paintings of his descriptions to the terse versification and pointed sentences of Johnson. He might have been more pleased with the faithful representations of English manners in his Vicar of Wakefield, than with the borrowed grandeur and the exotic fancy of the oriental Rasselas. He might have believed that in this age comedy requires more genius than tragedy, and with his audience he might have infinitely more esteemed his own original humour than Johnson's rhetorical declamation. He might have thought, that, with inferior literature, he displayed superior genius, and with less profundity, more gaiety. He might have considered that the facility and vivacity of his pleasing compositions were preferable to that art, that habitual pomp, and that ostentatious eloquence, which prevailed in the works of Johnson. No one might be more sensible than himself that he, according to the happy expression of Johnson 'tetigit et ornavit.' Goldsmith, therefore, without any singular vanity, might have concluded, from his own reasonings, that he was not an inferior writer to Johnson; all this not having been considered, he has come down to posterity as the vainest and most jealous of writers.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Paris, March 9th. 1777.

DEAR SIR,

At a time when we are receiving the congratulations of all the world on the sudden reverse in the situation of our affairs for the better, I should be strangely deficient, if I did not communicate our joys as well as our apprehensions to you, who take so near an interest in all that concerns us. Know you, that your sturdy colonists have driven their invaders once more into their former situation; that from the 26th of December until the 20th of January, there scarce passed a day without a triumph. The flame of liberty, which seemed to droop in the eyes of enslaved Europeans, has blazed out with renewed violence. Not a man that quitted the army at the time that his service expired, but flew back to join it, hastening to repair what he now looks upon as a crime. Each one, who was not present at the retreat of the enemy, envies his happier neighbour that was, and calls aloud for his arms and his employment.

This is not exaggeration, but truth; we have received direct accounts from thence, which more than justify all that I have said. Had it not been for the quantity of ice in the river Delaware, as well as a most violent snow storm, on the night of the 25th of December, every post occupied by the enemy on the river, would have met with the same fate of that of the Hessians. Those inhabitants, whom the sword of the enemy compelled to a temporary obedience, have with equal ardor, and a new thirst of vengeance, joined the standards of their victorious countrymen. But you, who are a philosopher, and I, who do not much trust that b—— Fortune, agree, that, in the midst of victory, we ought to look for the end we seek by it—Peace, which we can have from the present *apprehension* of our enemies, if we cannot encourage our countrymen by open or effectual assistance from hence; I mean Europe.

Think you that the Belgic Lion will rouse himself at this Quixote-like insult of *our hero?* For my part, I think that like the Lion, which gave so much fame to the knight of La Mancha, it will rise up, turn its tail, yawn, (Dutchman-like), and go to sleep again. The Quixotism of England merits a different catastrophe to the adventure. Pray tell me which story has most of the madman in it? You may be assured, that at the same time this curious memoir was transmitted to their embassador, orders were given to block up St. Eustatia, till entire satisfaction was given. They intended to have bit France before they had barked, had their success continued in America. Think you that the great reputation of our venerable and amiable philosopher would not strike a little fire from your phlegmatic republicans? I think if they really feel the insolence of England, this is the moment to give the shock. In all our affairs the state of the air has a great influence. Here you know the air is all and all. If you really think that his character would operate, write particularly. I blush that I am writing, when I ought to be pushing the bayonet, and tears of envy and joy at this moment obscure my sight. Adieu,

Your's, with much trust,

M. Dumas. *WM. CARMICHAEL.*

(To be continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. H. Maxwell intends to publish in a style at once convenient and elegant, the poetical works of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, from the text of Cadell's beautiful and correct edition.

Among the various republications in America of the English Classics we do not remember to have seen an edition of SHENSTONE. He has been neglected by chance, but it would not indicate judgment or good taste to neglect him by design. Few poets are more popular. In the pastoral strain if any be allowed merit, since Theocritus and Virgil, Shenstone must have his share. His celebrated ballad is 'warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires.' His poem, entitled *Economy, though strangely neglected by Johnson, deserves a careful perusal for the faithfulness of its descriptions, and the utility of its moral.

The fame of "The Schoolmistress" is perennial, and nothing that we can say can add to the enthusiasm of its delighted readers or the praise of its tender author. The "Judgment of Hercules" is a very elegant amplification of an ancient allegory and the monitory lay of virtue against the blandiskments of the syren pleasure is memorable not only for the wisdom of the precept but for the energy, propriety and elegance of its illustrations. "The Progress of Taste or the Fate of Delicacy" exhibits in a lively manner the danger and ridicule which a poet cramped by the *Res Angusta Domi* is sure to encounter, if he unfortunately indulge himself in the costly luxuries of taste. The ballad of "Jemmy Dawson" will draw tears from many, beside the tender maiden, and the Odes to Memory, Health and Indolence will be learned by heart by every reader, who admires Poetry and Shenstone.

* It is pleasant to subjoin the testimony of M. D'ISRAELI an elegant and judicious writer, whose brilliant talents enable him not only to criticise justly but to invent gloriously and to combine well.

There is a species of miscellanies to the composition of which their authors are prompted by the fine impulses of genius derived from the peculiarity of their situation, or the enthusiasm of their prevailing passion. Dictated by the heart or polished with the fondness of delight, these productions are impressed by the seductive eloquence of genius or attach us by the sensibility of taste. The object thus selected, is no task imposed on the mind of the writer for the mere ambition of literature; but is generally a voluntary effusion, warm with all the sensations of a pathetic writer. In a word, they are compositions of genius on a subject in which it is most deeply interested; which it revolves on all its sides, which it paints in all its tints and which it finishes with the same ardour it began. Among such works may be placed the exiled Bolingbroke's "Reflections upon Exile," the retired Petrarch and Zimmermann's Essays on "Solitude," the imprisoned Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," the oppressed Pierius Valerianus's Catalogue of "Literary Calamities," the deformed Hay's "Essays on Deformity," the projecting Defoe's "Essay on Projects," and *the liberal "Shenstone's Poem on Economy."*

☞ The price of the Port Folio is five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An author, who has lately visited this country, after remarking that he had already printed a miniature volume and resolved on a larger work, adds, not without some reason, that Americans expect quantity in a book, not less eagerly than in other merchandize.

—

An audacious critic has the presumption to sneer at one of the finest words, in our *Indian* vocabulary. *Lengthy* is the *American* for *long*. It is frequently used by the *classical* writers of the new world.

—

In a new volume of Travels in the United States we find a well drawn character of the Vice-President. Of the talents and urbanity of Col. Burr no doubt is entertained even by his political adversaries.

To a genius of singular perspicacity, Mr. Burr joins the most bland and conciliating manners. With a versatility of powers of which, perhaps, *America* furnishes no other example, he is capable of yielding an undivided attention to a single object of pursuit. Hence, we find him at the close of the revolutionary war, in which he took a very honourable part, and in the fatigues of which he bore no common share, practising the law with unrivalled brilliancy and success. Indeed his distinguished abilities attracted so decided a leaning of the Judges in his favour, a deference for his opinions so strongly marked as to excite, in no small degree, the jealousy of the bar. So strong was the impression made by the general respect for his opinions that exclamations of despair were frequently heard to escape the lips of the counsel whose fortune it was to be opposed by the eloquence of Mr. Burr. I am aware that this language wears the colouring of panegyric; but the recollection which the facts must excite in the breasts of his candid rivals will corroborate its accuracy.

"For a short period, Mr. Burr acted as Attorney-general to the state; but his professional reputation, already as the acmé of splendour, could derive no new lustre from the office. It,

however, should be remembered that in state prosecutions a disposition to aggravate the enormities of the accused was never attributed to him.

At length, Mr. Burr was removed by the legislature of the state to the Senate of the United States. The deliberations of that body being conducted in secret, the public possesses but slender means of knowing and appreciating the merits of individual members. But it is certain from the lead he took in some of its most important transactions, and from the deference shewn his opinion by his senatorial colleagues that the character for ability, which he had previously acquired must have been there well sustained. It was, indeed, universally acknowleded that no other state was so respectably represented as the state of New-York in the combined talents of Mr. Burr and Mr. KING.

His time of service expiring, Mr. Burr again returned to the exercise of his profession with a facility which would induce a belief that his legal pursuits had never been interrupted.

Such are the outlines of the character of the man, who cultivating literature himself, loved to encourage it in others; and who, with a condescenscion little known to patrons, sought out my obscure lodgings in a populous city, and invited me to his house.

I found Mr. Burr at breakfast reading my translation over his coffee. He received me with that urbanity, which while it precludes familiarity, banishes restraint; and discovered by his conversation that he was not less skilled in elegant literature, than in the science of graciousness and attraction.

Mr. Burr introduced me to his daughter, whom he has educated with uncommon care, for she is elegant without ostentation and learned without pedantry. At the time that she dances with more grace than any young lady of New-York, Miss Theodosia Burr speaks French and Italian with facility, is perfecttly conversant with the writers of the Augustan age and not unacquainted with the language of the Father of Poetry. *Martel*, a Frenchman, has dedicated a volume of his productions to Miss Burr, with the Horatian epithet of dulce decus.

Fortune had now opened to me *les entrées* of the house of Mr. Burr, to whose table and library I had the most unrestrained access. But Mr. Burr did not stop here: he proposed to me the study of the law which I imprudently declined, and thus neglected to take that *flood in the tide of my affairs* which led immediately to fortune."

—

The perspicuity and easy elegance of Mr. Jenyns's style justly entitle him to a place on the same shelf with Addison; and we think also he possessed a considerable portion of the chasteness of Addison's humour.

—

Burke thus expresses his cordial detestation of Gallic insolence and democracy:

My merit has been in resisting the power and pride of France, under any form of its rule; but in opposing it with the greatest zeal and earnestness when that rule appeared in the *worst form* it could assume; the worst indeed which the prime cause and principle of all evil could possibly give it. It was my endeavour by every means to excite a spirit in the house, where I had the honour of a seat, for carrying on with early vigour and decision the most clearly just and necessary war that this or any nation ever carried on; in order to save my country from the iron yoke of its power and from the more dreadful contagion of its principles; to preserve pure and untainted the ancient inbred integrity, piety, good nature and good humour of the people of England from the dreadful pestilence which beginning in France, threatens to lay waste the whole moral and in a great degree the whole physical world, having done both in the focus of its most intense malignity.

—

The laxity of our political theories, the knavery of democratic r oks, the folly of democratic *pigeons* and the profligacy of *democratic* manners have nearly effaced all legitimate government and salutary subordination; and have filled our gazettes with bankrupts, our streets with aliens, our gaols with criminals, our country with jacobins, and our senates with faction.

—

Our glory abroad our security at home, national dignity and domestic comfort are all tarnished or defaced, by a series of democratic deeds unparalleled in the history of folly; and so ignominious that even those foreigners among us, who are most biassed in favour of our institutions are obliged to confess that America has scarcely another step to take in the path of degradation.

—

EPITAPH ON A FENCING-MASTER.

His thrusts like lightning flew; but skilful Death
Parried them all and put him out of breath.

—

In a Church-yard at Bury St. Edmond's, Suffolk.

Here lies Jane Kitchin, who, when her glass was spent
Kick'd up her heels—and away she went.

—

Here lies one *More*, and no *more* than he,
One *more*, and no *more!* how can that be?
Why one *more* and no *more* may well lie here alone,
But here lies one *More*, and that's *more* than one.

—

Our public councils are too often turned into the most mischievous cabals where the consideration is not how the nation's business shall be carried on, but how those, who ought to carry it on shall circumvent each other.

—

What Dr. Johnson thought of a great *Patriot*, whose name is generally coupled with that of one *Sidney*, the same, who was in French pay, as a reward for his republican virtue, may be learned from a passage in the Lives of the Poets. "The mother of Edmund Waller was the sister to Hampden, the *zealot of rebellion*.

—

The idea of a perfect commonwealth is so deplorably stupid as well as dangerously false, that, in the words of Mr. *Burke* we may call it an uningenious paradox and a reverie, without imagination.

TO PATRONS.

At this season of the year, when business is palsied by the indolence of some, and the fears or flight of others, the conductor of a public journal is bound, by very strict engagements, to fulfil his task with unremitting labour. He may not rusticate himself for a single week, without disappointing the just expectations of the public, and without the detriment of his interest, and, perhaps, his reputation. Solicitous to discharge his duty to others and to himself, and conscious, from experience, that personal attendance on the Press is indispensable, he has continued in the city, and though the state of his health, and the depressing effects of his literary toil, might both plead and apologize for a partial respite from care, he has not listened to a boding voice, but punctually composed his journal, though not with spirit, at least with constancy. He, therefore, has some right to remind others not to be oblivious of the expenses of his establishment, but to consider that, if during the desolate hours of a noxious autumn, he has no other visitants, the Papermaker and Printer cannot, consistently with the claims of their Workmen, fail to be punctual in their calls for the premium of their labour. The EDITOR has for some years derived no emolument from the publication of papers, either political or literary. But if from the most sinister circumstances he may not deserve liberality, or obtain justice for himself, he must be mindful of the claims of his ASSOCIATES. He regrets that, during a season, when all CITY payments are necessarily suspended, the amount of his receipts from the COUNTRY at large might be comprised in a nutshel.

The Editor will only add, that, from the remembrance of the generous lessons left him by his ANCESTORS, from temper, and from habit, few things can be more irksome and ungrateful than to ring, with harsh jangling in the public ear, the importunate changes of a dun. For the present, he gladly dismisses this revolting topic, in the hope that the prompt receipt of dues, from various quarters of the country, will cancel the honest claims of others, and enable him to proceed, if not with Hope, at least with Perseverance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

During the lassitude of the summer, and the terrors of the sickly season, the Editor receives but little aid from his correspondents. Hence, acknowledgements of favours but seldom appear, and the Editor is sincerely sorry that he has not more frequent occasion to be grateful.

From a learned friend we have the promise of a new translation of the seventh satire of Juvenal. The Editor is particularly pleased with literary exercises of this nature. He knows it is too often the mode in America to consider a relick of antiquity as mere dross, but he is so unfashionable as always to consider it as of purest gold.

To 'Mercutio' we are greatly obliged for the partiality of his friendship, and the vivacity of his verses. The effusions of this gentleman shine the more brilliantly because illuminated by the bright reflexion of the classical lamp. He correctly regulates the sallies of invention by the unerring rules of the *ancients*, and his studious hour is wisely given to Quintilian in the morning, and to Horace at night.

Denville's correct and chaste style will secure him as much attention as a Lounger *can ask* or *even think*. We hope that he will correspond with S. Saunter, who will rouse himself from a nap to peruse any of D's favours.

'Florio' is agreeable to belles and beaus. The tender sigh for his pages, and the gay 'drink to his success.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PARODY OF ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

I do remember an old bachelor
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In suit of sables with a care-worn brow
Conning his book;—and meagre were his looks—
Celibacy had worn him to the bones;—
And in his silent parlour hung a coat
The which the moths had used not less than he—
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair-trunk
Made up the furniture, and on his shelves
A grease-clad candlestick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers, and a box of old segars,
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute
Were thinly scatterered round to tell the eye
Of prying stranger,—*this man had no wife*—
His tattered elbow gaped most piteously,
And ever as he turned him round, his skin
Did thro' his stockings peep upon the day—
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
An if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew it him
In such most dismal colours, that the shrew
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse
Were each a heav'n, compar'd with such a life—
But this same thought does not forerun *my* need
Nor shall this bachelor tempt *me* to wed—
As I remember this should be the house;
Being sabbath noon, the outer door is shut——

Calebs.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FREE IMITATION OF

PERSICOS ODI, &c.

Dinners of *form*, I vote a *bore*,
Where folks, who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together:
Cram'd close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with *Chesterfieldian* graces,
Drink healths, and talk, with sapient faces,
About the weather.

Thrice blest, who at an *inn* unbends
With half a dozen of his friends,
And while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good-humour round him sees,
Chats, lolling backward, at his ease,
Or cocks his cross'd legs, if he please,
Upon the table.

Mercutio.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following *jeu d'esprit* are very lively specimens of Mr. Hunt's poetry, when inspired by the *gayer* Muses.]

PARODY OF DR. JOHNSON'S "HERMIT HOAR."

Gentle lady, on whose cheek
Modesty's soft blushes play,
Tell, O tell me where to seek,
Virtue and her blissful way.
"Thus I said, and mournful sigh'd,
As I curs'd beguiling sin;
When the gentle lady cried,
Come and treat us with some gin!"

—

Anacreon, Ode 19.

The tippling earth drinks up the dew,
The trees, O tippling earth, drinks you;
Neptune drinks ate very motion,
And Sol drinks Neptune, like a potion;
'Till madam Luna, for a light,
Drinks up old Sol himself at night,
Why then d'ye hinder me from drinking,
When heav'n itlself's my way of thinking.

THE GIPSY BOY.

A BALLAD.

Oh, lady, good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, depriv'd of all joy;
Oh list his sad plaints as he begs at your gate;
But, oh! your dog howls at the poor Gipsy Boy.

Cease, cease, cruel dog, I your pity implore;
'Tis my rags, I perceive, your slumbers annoy;
But can't I be honest, good dog, tho' I'm poor?
Oh yes: I ne'er rob, tho' a motherless boy.

This coat, do but view it, so tatter'd and worn,
Two winters have shielded from rain and from snow:
Tho' my poor naked feet are quite harden'd to horn,
Yet my bosom can feel the full weight of my woe.

How hard is my fate when the ev'ning appears!
For, alas! I've no cov'ring to shelter my head:
Then under some hay-stack I stifle my tears,
Till falling in slumber, I sink on my bed.

Ten full moons have shone since my good mother died,
And left me with my father to traverse the plain:
But he, cruel man, ne'er my cravings supplied,
But left me one morning asleep in a lane.

In vain have I wander'd o'er common and steep,
And never been able his footsteps to trace.
Wherever I rest, 'tis, alas! but to weep;
For the vo'tries of pleasure all scowl in my face.

Full oft I've intreated the rich and the great
To yield me some labour my hands to employ;
But heedless they've bid me be gone from their gate,
And call'd me dishonest, because I'm a poor boy.

Then, oh, my good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, depriv'd of all joy.
Oh drive not the motherless child from your gate,
But pity the plaints of the poor Gipsy Boy.

—

[The peculiarity of the following Ode, its translator remarks, consists in its abrupt and unexpected conclusion. The delights of a country life are descanted upon, through more than sixty lines, in apparently serious language, but the conclusion shews the whole to be a jest. What we have been reading, we find at length, was not the language of the poet, but of an *usurer*, who, determined to retire from the noise and bustle of business, launches into a verbose enumeration of the pleasures he expects to derive from rural amusements and occupations, and actually takes measures for changing his way of life, but in a fortnight, as the original tells us in three words, he resumes his old trade. The brevity of this conclusion forms a humourous contrast to the flowing stile of the description, and marks this picce to be of the lighter and more playful kind.]

Hor. Ep. II. translated by W. Boscawen, Esq.

How blest the man, who, far from busy toil,
Lives our forefather's rustic life!
Ploughs with his steers his lov'd paternal soil,
Exempt from usury or strife!

No thrilling trumpet wakes his soul to war
Nor ocean threats with sudden fate:
He flies the tumults of the clamorous bar
And the proud mansions of the great.

"To the tall poplar he delights to wed
The full grown offspring of the vine,
Crop useless branches that luxuriant spread,
And fresher, happier shoots entwine.

Or in some lonely vale delighted sees
His herds, whose lowings fill the air
Or stows in jars the produce of the bees
Or sheers his tender fleecy care.

"What joy, displaying every genial fruit,
When autumn's grateful honors rise,
To cull the pears, his own transparent shoot
Or grape, that, with the purple vies.

These grateful gifts, Priapus, shall be thine
Whose power has fertilized his grounds,
Or deck the rural God Sylvanus' shrine
Blest guardian of his sacred bounds.

Oft near some ancient oak he seeks repose,
Reclin'd the tufted grass among,
Where in its lofty banks the river flows
Where trill the birds their plaintive song.

Or near the fount, whose never ceasing rills
Bound lightly from the rocky steep,
Whilst his charm'd ear the gentle music fills,
And sooths to light refresning sleep.

Or when great Jove's tempestuous torrents pour,
And wintry clouds in snow descend,
With his fleet pack he drives the furious boar,
To where th' opposing toils extend.

Or spreads his nets on slender poles to seize
The rav'ning thrush, the timid hare
Or foreign crane; such rural trophies please,
Who then forgets not love, or care?

What if her share, a faithful partner claim
To rear the fruit of mutual vows,
Direct his houshold, like the Sabine dame,
Or swift Apulian's sun-burnt spouse?

With season'd wood to greet her wearied lord
She heaps the bright domestic fire,
And drains the bowls, with ample treasures stor'd
Soon as her joyous herds retire.

Then from sweet casks she pours the sparkling juice,
Light, generous, to relieve his care,
Studious to please, and eager to produce
The rural dainties, unbought fare.

Me not the oysters from the Lucrine bay,
The priz'd scars, or turbot, please,
When'er tempestuous wintry winds convey
Such dainty fare from eastern seas.

Not the choice bird that Afric's coasts produce,
Nor partridge from Ionian shores,
Like herbs, rich olives, or the mallows juice
Whose virtue languid health restores,

Or lambkin slain to grace the rural feast,
Or kid just snatch'd from savage foes,
'Mid these repasts, when joy, when homeward haste
The flocks from pasture to repose!

When the faint oxen bear from labour eas'd,
The inverted plough as day declines,
When the brisk slaves, with neat abundance pleas'd,
Range round the bright domestic shrine."

Thus spoke the usurer, and fondly bent
To seek the calm, the rustic shade
Call'd in his loans, but ere the month was spent
Replac'd them, and resum'd his trade.

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